

# Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

ments for the benefit of other per-  
sons, as well as all legal adver-  
tisements, and advertisements of real  
estate, or auction sales, sent in by  
them, must be paid for at usual  
rates.  
Cards of acknowledgment, reli-  
gious notices, and the like, one in-  
sertion, 50 cents per square.  
Births, marriages and deaths in-  
serted without charge; but all ad-  
vertisements to the ordinary adver-  
tiser, at an arbitrary notice, &c., will be  
charged at 4 cents per line, no charge  
being less than 25 cents.  
No paper will be discontinued  
until arrears are paid, except at  
the option of the publishers.  
**Job Printing.**  
In its various branches, executed  
with despatch.  
F. A. PRATT, & WM. MESSEUR.

Number 5,213.

## Children's Corner.

ELLER AND HIS PARTY AT ALBA-  
NY AND TROY.

As nearly dark when the steamer touched  
shore, but our party did not leave the boat,  
designed to spend the night, and on the  
morning, in Troy, which is a fine mile at  
the Albany, and the opposite side of the  
river. The children will recollect the two boys  
and Edward, who were travelling with  
us from New York to visit the Queen of  
the South. We give an extract from Edward's  
letter home, dated, Troy, Aug. 26th, 6 A. M.

My Mother: I have risen very early, while papa  
and I are sleeping, to give you some account of  
my trip. This is the first time we ever left  
home without you, and I can assure you the  
journey was very painful.  
I had described to you the lovely scenery of  
the Hudson, and I attempted to make a few  
sketches, but it is impossible for me to  
draw, and I can only describe the scene in  
words. The first time you saw the river, it  
was fine, and it did seem to me, for a  
moment, as if I were gazing upon some beautiful  
scenery of my land.

When we first reached Albany, we were  
told that the first night of our absence in West  
Point was a very fine one. We were told  
that Mr. W. was a friend in Portland, and  
that he was a cadet for several months, and  
was very polite in showing us every object  
of interest in West Point. He is a manly fel-  
low, and will make a fine looking soldier, but I  
do not wish to be in his place four years  
when he leaves the military school. If the  
tribes are not all extinct by that time, he  
will be called upon to drive them still further,  
and I think the poor Indian has been cru-  
el enough since the country was settled.  
I have seen a mother, I do not think I  
ever will be willing to become a soldier.

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## Poetry.

THE THREE SISTERS.

Three sisters of beauty in council agreed  
To bestow on their lovers a favor,  
And each of them strove to excel in the deed  
To be given to him who should have her.

First, Fortune, all shining in jewels and pearls,  
And radiant in beauty's full blood,  
Said, "All that riches could purchase was hers,  
And she'd give him herself as the good."

Next, Temperance, the lovely, all rosy and fresh  
As the morning in blossoming season,  
Said, "Sister, I fear you'll create such a rush  
All our lovers will lose their reason."

Then, the third, fair Industry, all modest and mild,  
Dove-eyed, and attractive of feature;  
And, as she spoke low, she enchantingly smiled,  
A smile never so doted on sweeter.

Said, in dulcet tones, "Who would happily live  
Must not on ambition be bent—  
To him who most loves me, the golden I give  
Is the priceless pearl of Content."

Three lovers selected then from the crowd  
That stood at the shrine of the Muses,  
Agreed to accept them for evil or good,  
And the bargain was sealed with kisses.

A youth, handsome and gay, made Fortune his  
bride;  
A prudent the rosy won;  
A bythesome and free, whatever might betide,  
Made the priceless pearl his own.

The weddings were held, and the honeymoons  
spent,  
And they all were as happy as princes,  
Till care on their prospects his gloomy brows bent.

Then Fortune discovered she could not bestow  
Contentment or freedom from pain;  
And the rosy and pearl, she had rated so low,  
She longed in her heart to obtain.

Her Temperance enjoyed every plenty and health,  
Yet with all that, she was not contented;  
She envied rich Fortune's glit'ring splendor and wealth,  
And to equal that splendor she wanted.

Industry had hardships and troubles not few,  
Which darkened the path of her lot;  
But bravely she bore up till sunshine broke thro'  
And shone on the lowly cot.

The husband of Fortune grew giddy and sore,  
His temper grew fretful and frowny;  
A crumpled rose leaf he could not endure  
In his pillow of softness so downy.

He of Temperance became avicious and hard,  
Keen-gripping, and testy, and sour;  
And he robbed those that worked of sufficient re-  
ward,  
Then blamed them because they were poor.

## Selected Tale.

LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT SPOTS.

BY MARY A. OSGOOD.

Sarah Blake was a very sunny char-  
acter. She was not what you would call  
merry; her happiness was of a more gen-  
tle and quiet kind. She never laughed  
loud, but she had a winning smile for every  
one, which brightened up her whole  
face, giving it a charm which mere beauty  
could never impart. And she was always  
just so cheerful. Pleasant or stormy  
weather made no difference to her; there  
was always sunshine upon her.

This was owing partly to natural tem-  
perament, but still more to religious prin-  
ciple. She felt that it was her duty to be  
cheerful. Having professed to renounce  
the world, and choose God in Christ for her  
present and eternal portion, she would never  
give any one reason to suppose that she  
had chosen an unsatisfying portion. Neither  
would she encourage the idea that reli-  
gion had anything gloomy about it. She  
would let every one see that she was even  
more happy and more cheerful than before.

The darkest cloud had for her a silver  
lining; the gloomiest day had always  
some bright spots, which she never failed  
to discover. It was her belief that there  
was a bright side to everything, and she  
seldom failed to find it. Thus, the little  
 vexations and disappointments of life lost  
their sting; and when real trials came, she  
bowed meekly to the chastening rod, and  
kissed the hand that dealt the blow. In the  
bitterest cup she gratefully acknowledged  
some lingering drops of sweetness.

Brothers and sisters had once made her  
home glad; now they all slept in the grave-  
yard beside their father's side, and Sarah  
was left, the sole comfort and support of  
her widowed mother. When the strong  
arm that they had leaned upon was cut off  
and the husband and father slept in death,  
they were no longer able to keep the old  
homestead, which had so many years been  
the scene of their joys and sorrows. So  
their beautiful house was sold, and they  
retained only furniture enough for the little  
cottage which they had taken in Ashton.

The cottage was indeed a great contrast  
to their former home, and Sarah felt it  
keenly; but she was not one to allow re-  
grets for the past to unnerve her for present  
duties. She endeavored to arrange their  
small stock of furniture so as to give the  
cottage as much of a home-like as possible;  
and, though she dropped a few tears  
over the precious relics of happier days,  
they were soon wiped away.

"How desolate it looks here with no  
shrubbery!" said Mrs. Blake, as she en-  
tered the gate.  
"It will not look so long, dear mother,  
for you see I have set out some rose-bushes,  
which I brought from the old house; and  
here is a slip of woodbine, which we  
will train to run over the roof, just as it  
did at home. I dare say we shall be  
very happy here."

Mrs. Blake thought that any home would  
look pleasant where Sarah was, and she  
thanked God that he had left one un-  
beaten to cheer her darkened lot. The inmates  
of the cottage did not seek much society,  
but some of the neighbors formed their ac-  
quaintance, and Sarah became a great fa-  
vorite with the little children who used to  
play by school, and for whom she always  
had a bunch of flowers, or a few pleasant  
words, or a cheerful smile. And Mr. Sut-  
ton, who was so feeble to work, would  
often, on a pleasant day, walk down the  
lane to see the good young lady, who did  
not despise him because he was an old,  
gray-headed man.

Mr. Harrington, the richest man in Ash-  
ton, lived near Mrs. Blake's cottage, and  
his daughter Annette took a special fancy  
to Sarah Blake. The contrast in their  
characters may have contributed to this  
feeling. Annette was charmed by the un-  
varying cheerfulness of her new friend—  
Pettled and spoiled, child as she was, bred  
in luxury and indulged in everything which  
wealth could purchase, she was never sat-  
isfied, but was always fretful and discon-  
tented. She was not ill-tempered, but a  
habit of fault-finding had insensibly grown  
upon her, which even the religion she pro-  
fessed had failed to overcome.

If Sarah had an uncommon faculty of  
finding bright spots even in the darkest  
sky, Annette was quite as skillful in de-  
tecting shadows in the most glowing sun-  
shine. To Sarah, everything seemed to  
present itself on the sunny side; to Annette,  
on the shady side. Annette was a girl of  
good sense, and she often asked herself  
why it was that Sarah was so much hap-  
pier than herself, when she had, appar-  
ently, so much less to make her happy. With  
Annette, it was always too hot or too cold,  
too wet or too dry; while Sarah never  
troubled herself about the weather. No  
one could enjoy a fine day more than she  
did; and when it rained, she seemed equal-  
ly happy with her in-door occupations. An-  
nette always wanted things a little differ-  
ent; Sarah took them as they came, and  
made the best of them.

Annette had just returned with her pa-  
rents from an excursion to Niagara, and  
Sarah hastened to welcome her friend home  
again.  
"How much you will have to tell me!"  
said she; "of course you had a pleasant  
time."  
"Of course I did not. You would have  
had, I dare say; for you seem to derive  
pleasure from everything, while I always  
seem to meet with annoyances."

"I should think it must be a great an-  
noyance which would destroy the pleasure  
of a trip to Niagara," replied Sarah.  
"What could have happened?"  
"O, nothing in particular; only the  
thousand petty annoyances which meet  
one at every turn. I do hate travelling!"  
Sarah thought if she had Annette's purse  
how much she should enjoy the change and  
variety of an occasional journey; though  
she did not feel in the least discontented at  
being obliged to remain at home. Annette  
entertained her with a long catalogue of  
the grievances with which she had met;  
and, said she, "the most provoking of all,  
that we had to wait at the depot three  
whole hours to-day; so near home, too!"  
Wasn't it really provoking?"

"Why, I don't know," said Sarah; "I  
never feel impatient of such delays. I  
almost always become interested in some  
of the people whom I see."  
"Yes," said Annette; "I remember, last  
summer, when you went to Boston on busi-  
ness, you had a great deal to talk about  
when you got home. Why, I might travel  
around the world, and not meet with so  
many pleasing incidents."  
"You must learn to look out for the  
bright spots. There are always some, if  
people will only see them."  
"That is a favorite expression of yours,  
Sarah. Is it original?"  
"O, no; but I like it very much, on ac-  
count of the pleasant associations con-  
nected with it."  
Then there is a story about it. Do let  
us hear it.

## Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1723.

raigned, have pleaded not guilty, and are  
the last of the miserable crew to be tried.  
If I make out their guilt, I shall not ques-  
tion your justice.  
The King's evidence being called, sworn  
and interrogated, deposed as follows:—  
John Welland late master of the ship  
Amsterdam, merchant deposed that on the  
8th day of May last, he was taken off of  
Cape Antonio by Low and Company, pi-  
rates, in two sloops, the Fortune and Ran-  
ger, and after he had been some time on  
board the Ranger he was sent on board the  
Fortune where Low was, where he had his  
right ear cut off and was wounded very  
much with a cutlass, and turned down the  
hatches, where he lay bleeding for two or  
three hours with a sentinel over him, at  
last he asked Patrick Cunningham (he tho't  
was the means of saving his life) a prison-  
er at the bar, to get him a drink, for life  
was almost spent, and Patrick Cunningham  
got him some water, then he asked him for  
doctor, and Cunningham went and brought  
the doctor, and helped the doctor to dress  
his wounds, and said they were so cruel  
they could not subsist long, and said Well-  
land also deposed, that he saw John Bright,  
and Thomas Hazel on board the Ranger,  
and Thomas Hazel was harnessed with a  
gun.

John Ackin, late mate of the said ship  
Amsterdam, merchant, deposed, that he  
saw Thomas Hazel now a prisoner at the  
bar, on board the Ranger at the time and  
place aforesaid.  
John Mudd, late carpenter of said ship  
deposed, that while he was prisoner on  
board the Ranger, he saw Thomas Hazel,  
John Bright and John Fletcher, and that  
Thomas Hazel was harnessed.  
William Marsh deposed that when he  
was on board the pirate Low, by whom he  
was taken as aforesaid, he saw Thomas  
Hazel on board the schooner, and John  
Fletcher, now prisoner at the bar a boy.  
John Kencate, deposed, that Thomas  
Hazel, John Bright and Patrick Cuning-  
ham prisoners at the bar, received shares  
on board the pirate sloop, and Hazel and  
Bright were the only ones who were  
plundered, that Thomas Child was in arms  
with the rest in the engagement with the  
Grey Hound Man-of-War, but that John  
Fletcher was a boy on board, and no  
otherwise.

Henry Barnes deposed that Thomas Haz-  
el was harnessed in the engagement with  
the Grey Hound Man-of-War, and John  
Bright was the drummer, and beat upon his  
drum upon the round house in the engage-  
ment, and that Patrick Cunningham had a  
pistol in his hands at the said time.  
John Wilson deposed that John Bright  
was as brisk as any of them on board the  
Ranger, and beat the drum on the round  
house the day they engaged the Man-of-  
War, and that John Fletcher was a boy  
on board the sloop and no otherwise.  
John Swetser deposed that John Bright  
was drummer, and beat upon the round  
house in the engagement with the Man-of-  
War; and that Thomas Hazel had a pis-  
tol at that time, and that Thomas Child  
came on board the Ranger from the For-  
tune but about three or four days before  
the said engagement, and rowed in the time  
of the engagement.  
Thomas Jones deposed that on that day  
they engaged the Grey Hound Man-of-War,  
he saw Thomas Hazel bring his arms out  
of the gun-room, and saw and heard John  
Bright, the drummer, beat the drum upon  
the round house, and Thomas Child em-  
ployed at an oar in rowing.  
Capt. Peter Solgard commander of his  
majesties ship Grey Hound deposed, that  
all the prisoners now at the bar, were by  
him taken on board the sloop Ranger on  
the 10th of June last after some two hours  
engagement in manner as aforesaid and that  
he had seven men wounded in the engage-  
ment.  
Edward Smith, Lieutenant of the Grey  
Hound, deposed the same that Capt. Sol-  
gard did.  
After the witnesses were severally ex-  
amined as aforesaid, the court told the pri-  
soners if they had anything to say in their  
defense they might speak, and they should  
be heard.  
Thomas Hazel said he was taken from the  
bay of Honduras about twelve months  
ago by Low, and forced on board, that he  
had got from one and another whilst on  
board, about forty or fifty pounds, and that  
he had never been in the bay since.  
John Bright said he was a servant to one  
Hoster at the bay, and there taken by  
Low and company about three or four  
months ago, and forced away to be their  
drummer.  
Patrick Cunningham said that about  
twelve months ago he was taken in a fishing  
schooner by Low and company, and forced  
away by them, and that at Newfoundland he  
endeavored to get away from them but  
was stopped and detained ever since.  
John Fletcher says that he was a boy  
on board the Sycamore Galley, one Scott,  
commander, and he was taken out of her  
by Low and company at Bonavist, because  
he could play upon the violin, and forced  
to be with them.

## Domestic Hints.

Peaches without Peeling.—A  
pioneer of the Louisville Journal  
communicates a new mode of drying peach-

es without peeling. The fruit is  
immersed in boiling water for a few  
minutes, and then removed and  
placed in a solution of potash. The lychee  
should be removed by immersing in  
boiling water for a few minutes, and  
then removed and placed in a solution  
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## Humorous.

"Hills, Mister Postmaster! and is there  
ever a letter here for Dennis O'Flaherty?"

"I believe there is," said the postmas-  
ter, stepping back and producing the letter.  
"And will you be so kind as to read it  
to me, seein' I had the misfortune to be  
educated to read niver a bit!"  
"To be sure," said the accommodating  
postmaster.  
He then opened and read the epistle,  
which was from the "old country," con-  
cerning his relations there, etc. When he  
had finished, Dennis observed:  
"And what would you be axin for the  
postage on that letter?"  
"Fifty cents."

"And it's chape enough, yer honor,  
but, as I niver think of axin ye to trust  
me, just take the letter for pay; and say,  
mister, if I'd call in one of these days,  
would ye write an answer to it?"

A Strong Hint.—A young lady hinted  
to a gentleman that her thimble was al-  
most worn out, and asked what reward  
she should receive for her industry. He  
made answer the next day by sending her  
one with the following lines:  
I send a thimble, for fingers nimble,  
Which I hope will fit when you try it.  
It will last you long, if it's half as strong  
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.

Do not teach your daughters French be-  
fore they can weed a flower-bed at sunrise,  
or walk a mile to get up an appetite for  
breakfast. Remember that red cheeks  
and a vigorous frame are preferable to a  
sinuering tongue and fashionable accom-  
plishments.

A Boy asked one of his playmates "Why  
is a hardware dealer like a bootmaker?"  
The latter gave it up. "Why," said the  
other, "because one sold the nails, and  
the other nailed the soles."

Perhaps men are the most imitative an-  
imals in all the world of nature. Only  
one as ever spoke like a man, but hun-  
dreds of thousands of men are daily talk-  
ing like asses.

A good man suffers evil, and doeth good.  
A natural man suffers good, and doeth evil.

The three great conquerors of the world  
are: Fashion, Love, and Death.

Many have suffered by talking, but few  
by silence.





**Syrup** of the Hypophosphites, at  
June 12 R. J. TAYLOR